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D R E A M S

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L I L L I P U T:

O R,

V I S I O N S I N V E R S E;

W R I T T E N F O R T H E

A m u s e m e n t a s w e l l a s t h e I n s t r u c t i o n

O F A L L

Y O U N G L A D I E S A N D

G E N T L E M E N

W h o w i s h t o b e

G O O D, G R E A T, W I S E, a n d H A P P Y.

“ Men are but Children of a larger Growth.”

London: Printed and Sold by J. DREW,

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Pieces are written with an Idea of conveying Instruction in a pleasing manner, and in Verse rather than Prose, both because the former is likely to prove more agreeable than the latter, as well as to accustom young Folks to rhyme, which they will occasionally meet with in the course of their reading; besides, Poetry generally more forcibly impresses the subjects upon their young minds; and thus more steadily engages their attention.

Dreams, Fables, and Similitudes, are well known to have been used with success in conveying the Golden Lessons of Virtue, not only to Youth but to Persons of a maturer age; therefore, if this little plan is not defective in execution, it is presumed that the vehicle is unexceptionable. The

vi P R E F A C E.

Inferences are left clear, and short Morals, comprised in a single Distich, are subjoined at the end of each Vision.

The errors to which Childhood and Youth are liable, aptly enough furnished subjects for the performance. If these are represented so as to render them objects of fear and dislike, the main end is answered. On the whole it is not too much to say, that some Pains have been taken with it, in order to render it subservient to the principal Intention of

T H E A U T H O R.



I N-

INTRODUCTION.

WONDER not, little Folks, to whom
I sing,

If I from Lilliput Instruction bring.

Wisdom, howe'er it comes, is your best
guide;

And fetch'd from *far*, yet *near* may be apply'd.

Suppose me by my Genius then convey'd
To that same land where Gulliver was laid;
And that, on my arrival, soon I found
A spot there, which they called Fairy Ground;
Where if one dream'd, 'twould give instruc-
tion due;---

Suppose I slept there, and I dream'd for you.

Visions and Fables wisdom oft declar'd
Of old; and now they merit your regard:
Slight them not then,---for your own sakes,
believe

The Morals which from us you here receive:

viii INTRODUCTION.

'Tis all we hope from what we here display

'Tis all we ask our journey to repay;

For *yours* through life, whatever may betide

Counsell'd by us, take Virtue for your

Guide.



DREAM

A
The
Had

P A R T I.

VISION I.



D I S O B E D I E N C E.

AS slumbering softly I was laid,
 At night in Lilliputian shade;
 The little world before my sight
 Had clos'd, and shut out parting light:

B

No

No more the pretty Nightingale
 By moon-light told her tuneful tale;
 No more did little Crickets sing,
 Nor Glow-worm his "small Lanthorn"
 "bring:"

But in my Dream I took my way,
 Through fields (me-thought) at early day;
 And there a frisking Lambkin stray'd,
 All full of play, from shade to shade!
 Forgetful of his Dam and Fold,
 He skipp'd about quite gay and bold!

A Goat he met, who (but in vain)
 Advis'd him to go home again:
 Told him of dangers which, unseen,
 Lurk'd often underneath the Green:
 And beasts whose monstrous jaws devour,
 Unguarded young when in their power.

The Lamb gave seeming heed 'twas true,
 Yet meant his fancy to pursue:
 So on he tripp'd with eager haste,
 And many a flowery path he pass'd;

Till,



Till, careless, to a marshy ground
He came, with grass all pleasant crown'd;
There gay and lightly as he trod,
Beneath him shook the trembling sod!
Yet he goes on, till waters rise
Where'er he, frightened, cast his eyes!
Without a friend, without a guide,
He sees his fate on every side!
For if he pass'd the rising flood,
Just on the brink a Wolf there stood,
Ready to seize upon his prey,
If he should pass the dangerous way!

Now, as he struggled with his fate,
And thought on good-advice, though late,
Again the Goat appear'd, and gave
Good counsel in distress to save;
And where across the marsh was laid
A new fallen tree, he lent his aid
To bring the Lamb, with struggling tir'd,
In safety to the shore desir'd;
While he the Wolf at distance ey'd,
And all his danger past beside!

The Goat his lesson now renew'd,
 The Lamb the counsel now pursu'd,
 And to his Dam held back his way,
 Promising never more to stray;
 Owning the young one's safety lies
 Under a watchful parent's eyes.

A tender mother view'd the scene,
 As with her boy she tripp'd the Green;
 Bidding him mark the whole with care,
 The fault---the folly---and the snare:
 He saw; and, trembling at the view,
 Clung to her breast, who trembled too;
 While she, soft-sighing as she smil'd,
 More closely clasp'd her darling child.

*From care parental when you fly,
 'Tis time to dread some danger nigh.*



V I S I O N

VISION II.



TRIFLING.

THE busy world was gone to rest,
And sleep had made the poor man blest;
When I was hurried in a Dream,
Close to a gently-flowing stream;
Upon whose banks, in pleasant sort,
In fair-time, folks were met for sport

Two lads I saw among the throng,
Who bustled hastily along;
Two balls, struck from a wicket near,
They follow'd fast, with hope and fear;
One seem'd to be of shining white,
The other black when close in sight;
But hollow both, and unconfin'd!
Tho' caught, no force could ever bind!
"Mines dark"---"Mines light," each
scarce could say,
Before they flew again away!
Yet these the youths made all their care;
Nought else could please them at the Fair:
He to whom chance would give the black,
Cry'd ee'n as if his heart would crack!
While he who kept the white in view,
Caper'd about as mad-men do!
Though but a moment's joy his own,
Before the airy toy was flown!
Thus carrying on this idle trade,
By turns they laugh'd, they wept, and
play'd;

Till a grave matron, to decide
Their silly griefs and senseless pride,
Rewarded both, for smiles and tears,
With-----cap and bells, and asses ears.
Her name was *Judgement*;---near at hand,
Close by my ear, she took her stand:
“ Laugh’st thou,” she said, “ such fools to
“ see?

“ Be wise, that none may laugh at thee.
“ Those balls are idle silly toys,
“ Light disappointments, fancied joys;
“ Which childhood---youth---too often
“ Instead of things of higher kind; [mind,
“ And hence, when of maturer age,
“ No due respect can they engage;
“ Their precious early hours mispent,
“ Years bring not wisdom nor content.
“ Then gain in time, by Prudence, praise,
“ Or wear the *Fool’s-cap* all your days.”

*If trifles your attention claim,
Hope not for Honour, Wealth, or Fame.*

V I S I O N

VISION III.



R A S H N E S S.

METHOUGHT as on a hill I stood,
 And far and wide the landscape view'd,
 In haste I saw a boy pass by,
 With merry look and sparkling eye;
 Yet sometimes stopp'd to look around,
 Where trees or flowers the meadows crown'd;

Lift-

Listening to birds, or water's fall,
Or "babbling Echo answering all."
At length, within a flowry brake,
Where Fairies oft' their pastime take,
A beauteous figure struck his eyes,
At least so pretty to surprise;
A creature shining to the view,
With wonderous coat of various hue,
And colours sparkling to behold,
Azure and green, with specks of gold!
A while he stood, and silent gaz'd,
Till curiosity was rais'd;
Which led him, luckless, void of fear,
To rouse the sleeping danger near:
It was a Snake, that basking lay,
As weary'd in the heat of day;
But rising soon, with venom'd tooth
Attacks and wounds the heedless youth;
Who then deplores with racking pain,
His rashness; but deplores in vain.
Condemn'd long time in pain to groan,
Till sage physicians eas'd his moan;

And

And taught this truth, without disguise,--
“ Experience only makes Fools wise.”

*While, full of sport, the hours you pass,
Beware the Snake beneath the grass.*

VISION IV.



GREEDINESS.

DREAMING, a verdant plain I view'd;
That border'd on a shady wood;
Near which a yard with Poultry stor'd,
Supply'd an honest Farmer's board.
A Kite I spy'd, that many a day
Had made the finest fowls his prey,
Gazing on all with gluttonous eyes,---
Full three that day had been his prize,---

Young

Young as they were, poor thoughtless elves
 Not knowing how to guard themselves!---
 But now, at last in theft grown old,
 Wanton and strong, in mischief bold,
 The Cock and Hen, a stately pair,
 Watching their yet remaining care,
 The Felon saw:---On prey intent,
 From high his course towards them bent:
 As parents, they their young defend,
 And art and strength can serve no end!
 The Kite saw this, and would have fled,
 As cowards do, and hung his head;
 He stretch'd his wings---but see, from far,
 The Farmer threatens dreadful war!
 Off goes the gun!---In vain he flies!---
 In blood the wicked robber lies!
 "Harm watch, harm catch,"---the cock
 loud crows,
 And wakes me from my sweet repose.

*To seek another's goods forbear;
 But make your own your honest care.*

VISION V.



MOODY CHANGES.

EACH weary bird had sought its nest,
When in a grove I sunk to rest;---
I fancied then I saw a train
That gamboll'd merry o'er the plain;
Small as the Lilliputian race,
Beyond them far in air and grace;

C

All

All in a ring, with nimble feet,
They danc'd to music clear and sweet!
And near them, in a pleasant shade,
A pretty, tender Boy was laid:
There while repos'd, from trouble free,
They kiss'd, and call'd him *Infancy*.
For him the Fairies tripp'd along,
And strove to please him with their song;
Each brought some toy---he took them all,---
But still for something *new* would call.
To nothing constant found was he,
But "Love of dear *Variety*."
Though on his cradle Nature showers
The choicest sweets, the fairest flowers,
And rich perfumes by breezes borne,
And loveliest rose without the thorn;
As all to charm his fancy strove,
The *last* could only gain his love;
His face was still an April day,
Of smiles and tears that pass'd away,
Ere yet the nimble hours prepare
To bring, with time, his load of care;

And pay, too soon, the changing Boy,
With tedious days for slighted joy.

*Early the changeful mind appears,
And foibles ripen with our years.*

VISION VI.



I.

YOUTHFUL FRAILTY.

THE Wanton left his cradled bed,
 The younger Fairies all were fled;
 The sun-shine seem'd more bright to glow,
 The swelling breeze more brisk to blow;
 And (as I dream'd) he that was laid
 Like Nature's nurseling in the shade,
 Now join'd in dance a jovial train
 That frolick'd careless o'er the plain;

O'e

O'er hills and vales they tripp'd along,
And loudest echoes caught their song :
The Youth still found new toys engage,
New trifles please his growing age.
Where he beholds the river glide,
What glittering fishes skim the tide!
When he admires the azure skies,
What pretty painted clouds arise!
While butterflies, on silken wing,
Play all around,---the pride of spring!

He saw,---and triumph'd in the sight!
He bless'd the hour he saw the light!
And bless'd the present hour! nor thought
What duty or fair wisdom taught:
Pleasure was all he wish'd to own,
Nor dream'd but of himself alone.

Thus still pass'd on the eager Boy,
Through various scenes of fancied joy,
As still before his dazzled sight
Arose fresh prospects of delight,
Which crooked *Error's* witch-like power
At will could conjure up each hour:

But summer suns and smiling skies
Could not for ever charm his eyes.
Before his fond mistake he found,
Black ugly clouds were gathering round;
And long expos'd to various strife
Of elements that threat his life;
And lost in wilds where briars grow,
As in a wilderness of woe!---
He stood, and sigh'd; when beauteous *Truth*,
Heav'ns darling child! approach'd the Youth:
Before her never-failing glass,
She made those gaudy shapes to pass,
That once had led his steps astray,
Oh then! how dull they pass'd away!
How frightful too did many show,
That once could with false colours glow!---
Thus barren did she leave the scene,
Wherever *Error's* track had been!---
The storm then clear'd; he turn'd his eyes,
And through her glass saw *Virtue* rise.
To her fair *Truth* now guides his aim,
And bids him rise by her to Fame.

Methought the Youth her plan pursu'd ;
Repenting,---grew both wise and good ;
And gain'd Fame's temple, then in view ;---
I saw, and wish'd to follow too.

*Unhappy they in early youth,
Who quit not Error's paths for Truth.*

VISION

VISION VII.



FALSE FEAR.

BEFORE the rising sun had drawn
The glittering dew-drops from the
lawn,

Before the little Lark had given
His early thanks in songs to Heaven,
A second sleep had clos'd my eyes,
And Fancy bad this Vision rise.

In a deep wood by night I stray'd,
Where lofty trees spread thickest shade;
"Good things of day" had disappear'd,
Ravens and hooting owls I heard;
Nor could the silver moon be seen,
Nor twinkling stars the clouds between;
But the rough winds roar'd loud around!
I heard---and trembled at the sound!
Though *why* I shook I could not say;
No danger cross'd me in my way;
'Twas but the want of light I knew,
And that the world all wanted too.

Thus while I stray'd, one only bird,
Loud chirping from the spray, I heard!
With joy she strain'd her little throat,
Still warbling on from note to note:
His praise who made us all she sung,
At last as with a human tongue!
And sang so sweet,---that tho' a child,
I could not dread such accents mild!
All fear my panting breast forsook;
While to the pretty bird I spoke.

I ask'd,

I ask'd, "How she, at dead of night,
" Could sing as sweet as birds of light?
" While gloomy shades the world confin'd
" And awe and terror struck the mind?"

I ask'd all this, and much beside,
When thus the songstrefs soft reply'd:

" Sweet child, I warble here below
" Hymns which no change of season know
" The summer's heat, the winter's frost,
" The sun, the moon, the stormy host,
" The day, the night, the earth, the sky,
" Belong to HIM that rules on high!
" Light, darkness, both to HIM belong;
" And both deserve his creatures song.
" If thou art the child of innocence,
" His guiding hand shall lead thee hence;
" Or here protect thee by his power;
" Nor storms shall hurt, nor beasts devour,
" Nor evil spirits dare to harm
" Who trust to his Almighty arm.
" Let then the wicked only fear,
" Whose darkest deeds to HIM are clear.

Remember this;---nor dread the night;
But fly such deeds as shun the light.”
She said, and mounted to the skies.
Must then fair day began to rise.---
Wak'd, considering in my mind
The instruction by the dream design'd;
Resolved, though darkness wraps the ball,
To trust in HIM who made us all.

*Put superstitious dread away;
Fear only God, and him obey.*

V I S I O N

VISION VIII.



VAIN BOASTING.

I SAW, in dream, a woodland shade,
 Beneath which various snares were laid:
 Meanwhile, in air, I could survey
 Huge, monstrous, threatening birds of
 prey!

The little pretty tuneful throng
 Saw not, but sang their merry song:

Bu

But near at hand a Parrot view'd
His own bright feathers in the flood;
A Magpye too with noisy throat,
Boasted of his engaging note;
And having certain words at will,
Thought none should e'er dispute his skill.

These, if a luckless bird was caught,
Laugh'd loudly at his want of thought;
Deeming themselves too wise by far
To dread the Hawk, the gun, or snare.

Forth from the shade they took their way,
To shake their plumes in open day;
And, as they travell'd side by side,
Each fed *his own* and t'others pride:
When lo! as dropping from the skies,
Appear'd two Birds of mighty size!
Now nought avail'd the boasters' care,
They seiz'd, and bore them through the air!
Their scorn of others fate was shewn
Unable to prevent their own.

A Sparrow that beheld their fate
Whisp'rd forth this lesson to his mate:

D

“ Happy

“ Happy are we such ills to shun;
“ But not by pride is fortune won :
“ Folly to Vanity gives birth,
“ And boasting is no sign of worth.---
“ 'Tis well for those who 'scape a snare,
“ But *Prudence* bids us all beware.”

He said, as far away he flew,
And from the danger (wise) withdrew.

*Wisdom is not by boasting shewn,
She dwells with fortitude alone.*

VISION IX.



GUILTY CONSCIOUSNESS.

I THOUGHT I stood at early day,
And view'd the shadows pass away;
While, as the morn began to rise,
The purple clouds streak'd o'er the skies!
Enjoying the sweet passing breeze
That gently shook the nodding trees.

At this bright hour, when all is joy,
When prayers and praise the Good employ;
The Lark strain'd high his little throat,
Mounting towards Heaven with tuneful note!
Just then the ill-omen'd Bat appear'd,
Who the bright sun-beams always fear'd:
And (as I dream'd) aloud complain'd,
That no dark shadows now remain'd.---

He prais'd the covert of the night,
As thieves that dread the rising light,
Whose rays "he wonder'd e'er could please,
"Men, birds, or beasts that lov'd their ease."

The Lark who heard him, strait reply'd,
"In vain your own defects you'd hide:
"Yourself, the Owl, the Raven too,
"May love the night!--your course pursue;
"Fly from the chearful, friendly ray;
"But give us leave to like the day."

"Yes (cry'd the Bat), I'll hasten hence;
"But wonder at your want of sense!
"If you knew but how well the dark
"Shades us, you'd hate to be a Lark;

"You'd

“ You’d leave the glare of sun-shine soon,
And wish for night before ’twas noon.”

“ True (said the Lark), were *your* course
“ *mine,*

“ Freely I should the light resign :

“ But different plans whilst I attend,

“ Be sure the sun-shine is my friend.

“ Which of us two by all is priz’d ?

“ Which of the two by all despis’d ?

“ For either here to tell were pride,

“ Let those who know us best decide :

“ Those wonder not who judge aright,

“ That deeds of darkness shun the light.”

To shades the wicked steal away,

The just are found in open day.

VISION X.



PASSION.

I DREAM'D, by a cool fountain's side,
 I lay repos'd at evening-tide;
 And in the stream reflected, view'd
 The setting sun, the neighbouring wood;
 The flowers and lofty trees that rise,
 Lifting their branches towards the skies.

Ther

There whilst I gaz'd, a prattling child,
Who round its border play'd and finil'd,
In wanton sport a pebble threw
Into the stream so fair to view;
How chang'd the scene!---No more below
Seem'd other flowers and trees to grow!
No more the pretty pictur'd skies
And mimic sun-shine met my eyes!
'Twas all disorder, far and wide!
Which quickly spread from side to side!
The picture spoil'd I fondly mourn'd,
And wish'd the calm again return'd;
When a grey-bearded friend to youth,
Bade me attend the voice of truth.

“ 'Tis thus (said he) the temper even
“ Shews the fair image stamp'd by Heaven;
“ As Holy Scriptures plain have said,
“ That we were in God's likeness made;
“ But when disturb'd by passion's sway,
“ Be sure that image must decay;
“ Just as you saw the passing stream
“ Reflect the sun's most chearful beam,
“ And

“ And all the beauteous prospects round,
“ With trees, and grafs, and flowerets
“ crown’d;
“ But once disturb’d, the landscape gay
“ Was gone and vanish’d all away!
“ So ’tis with you, the like you’ll find
“ When foolish passions vex your mind:
“ Which, as your years and strength
“ increase,
“ Encourag’d, must destroy your peace;
“ Leave you unhappy and distressed,
“ And rase God’s image from your breast.”
He said, and made me thus discern
In dreams, what waking folks should learn.

*Learn soon your passions to subdue,
Or they, too soon, will master you.*

V I S I O N X I.



SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

WANDERING in dreams amidst a
wood,

Where trees in goodly order stood,
In spring; the wind blew from the west,
And every bird had made its nest:

All had---but one---that seem'd design'd
Most worthless of the feather'd kind;

Yet

Yet, as she thought she needs must share,
With all her kind, a mother's care,
She try'd to build, in aukward sort,
And thus became her neighbour's sport!
This made her rave, in anger, loud.---
The worthless often are most proud!

The friendly Swallow griev'd to see
The Cuckoo hop from tree to tree,
And mindless what her neighbours said,
She kindly offer'd needful aid.

The Bird perceiv'd the good intent;
Together soon to work they went;
But as the industrious Swallow, skill'd
In proper form the nest to build,
Instruction in due time supply'd,
“All this I knew,” the Cuckoo cry'd.---
Often she said so---proud to shew
A boast of what she did not know.
The Swallow's patience tir'd, at last,
Away what she had done she cast:---
“If you such knowledge can display,”
Said she, “build by yourself I pray!”

Then left the fool with spleen oppress'd:---
So Cuckoos ne'er can build a nest.

*Knowledge from others strive to gain,
Or else a self-will'd dunce remain.*

V I S I O N

VISION XII.



FALSE PLEASURE.

METHOUGHT I stood beneath a shade,
And saw where Youths and Maidens
play'd ;

All pleas'd alike their different taste;
But some, with inconsiderate haste,
O'er flowery lawns, thro' woodlands stray'd,
Till in the winding maze betray'd

Of FOLLY, strew'd with many a thorn,
Led by false hope, they stray forlorn!---

Whilst others, with more steady pace,
Rejoic'd those straiter paths to trace,
Which often rough, yet carried all,
At last, to fair CONTENTMENT's Hall.

Now did I see a lovely Boy,
His doating mother's darling joy;
By her to FANCY's guidance left,
By SELF-WILL of all care bereft;
Who wanton stray'd through crooked ways,
Which led to FOLLY's endless maze!

At length grown bold, tow'rd's vice he tends,
FALSE PLEASURE her assistance lends,
Till close to DANGER's brink he came,
Where stood VAIN CONFIDENCE, proud

Dame!

Who urg'd him nearer still to go,
Nor heed the yawning pit below.---

PRUDENCE in vain would check his haste;
Her decent bounds he quickly pass'd;

E

And

And certain now had ventur'd on,
And been by one false step undone!
But that by her yet glimmering light,
EXAMPLE open'd to his sight
A volume, that convinc'd the Child
How SELF-WILL always youth beguil'd!
How by indulgent fondness lost,
They oft' repented to their cost;
As from the Rock, while tempests roar,
They plunge in guilt,---to rise no more!

Frighted he view'd; and turning, found
Thorns planted in each path around!
And near him saw grim beasts of prey,
And hissing serpents in his way!---
But keeping PRUDENCE yet in view,
Her paths returning to pursue;
The gentle Fairy kindly shew'd
Her lamp to guide him through the road,
With terrors and with troubles strew'd!
'Till to CONTENTMENT's mansion led,
At last he rests his weary head.

By fair example thus reliev'd,
his golden lesson he receiv'd:
PRUDENCE and VIRTUE peace bestow;
The obstinate ne'er want for woe."

*By just examples form your mind,
Or evil days expect to find.*

P A R T II.

V I S I O N XIII.



V A I N P U R S U I T S.

WHERE the meads all with daisies
were bright,

And the trees all with blossoms array'd,
I saw in the visions of night,

Swift passing, a comely young maid.

Though

Though courted by ev'ry delight
That bloom'd in the spring time so fair,
Yet wing'd insects to catch in their flight,
She made all her pleasure and care.

The May-fly or Butterfly's hues,
Could strike her with joy and delight;
Thus trifles how often we chuse
When what's greater escapes from our sight.

But chiefly the frolicksome bee,
From flow'ret to flow'ret she chac'd;
And restless she tripp'd o'er the lea,
Till she caught the brisk stranger at last.

What joy sparkled then in her eyes,
Till she found by a quick throbbing smart,
That full dear she had purchas'd the prize,
By the anguish she felt at her heart.

The wood-nymphs, who heard her complain,
Declar'd it a warning in truth,
From such idle pursuits to refrain,
As waste the dear moments of youth.

For those who so fondly (they said)
Pleasure's honey expected to find,
Would too oft, by their folly betray'd,
Feel the sting yet remainin ehind.

*Evil pursues the Trifler vain---
Pleasure's too dear if bought with Pain.*

V I S I O N

V I S I O N X I V .



V A N I T Y .

THOUGHT that the sun had just rose,
On a sweet-blooming morning in May,
While dull mortals awak'd from repose,
And the birds all sang blythe from the
spray:

When

When sudden a summons was brought,
Which the Swallow bore swift thro' the air,
That such for Preferment as sought,
To the Eagle's high court should repair.
Oh then! far and near did they throng;
From east, west, from south, and from
north;
All that boasted of feather or song,
Or were proud of their size or their worth.
Now far beyond these the gay train,
The Peacock ambitiously shone;
Who insolent, haughty, and vain,
Display'd his bright plumes to the sun.
He said he had greatness in view,
As much he deserv'd above all;
And if each had but what was his due,
The Eagle should come at *his* call.
But more modest the warblers so gay,
Lark and Linnet, that sing thro' the grove,
The Nightingale, Queen of the spray,
The Swan, and the sweet Turtle-Dove:

The

These, and numbers yet put in their claim,
While the Peacock continu'd his strain,
And presum'd by his colours and name
Precedence o'er all to obtain!

But the brave watchful Cock, so renown'd,
His half-namesake with justice reprov'd;
He ask'd, where the merit was found,
That should render the Boaster belov'd?

Neither strength, worth, nor courage (he
said),

Nor sweetness of song, was his share,
Who so haughtily lifted his head
Above all the birds in the air!

All swelling with anger and spite,
The proud-one now first strain'd his throat,
Which did best his wild folly requite,
For his hearers were scar'd by his note!

While the Linnet, the Goldfinch, the Lark,
And all who had merit so true,
With sweet *Jug* that can charm in the dark,
Had each the applause that was due:

And

And to these, (justly prais'd) their reward
Did the Eagle most princely provide;
But the Peacock he vow'd to discard;
So the Boaster stood check'd in his pride.

*Loud empty vaunting ill is borne;
And vanity produces scorn.*

V I S I O N

VISION XV.



I D L E N E S S.

I FANCIED that Summer was fled,
And the season of harvest quite o'er,
That the barns with rich plenty were spread,
And the fruit-trees were spoil'd of their store:

In

In this latter season I view'd

A Butterfly drooping his wing,
Who once had fond pleasure pursu'd,
And revell'd in sweets of the Spring.

From flow'ret to flow'ret he rang'd,
While *May* waken'd the frolicksome hours
But his Spring to October now chang'd,
The rough thistle took place of his flow'rs

Ah! where should the wanderer rove?

He was left his sad fate to bemoan!
In vain with his troubles he strove;
His short day was departed and gone!

The sport of the rough winds and rain,
Alas! he endeavour'd to live!
And often he fought, but in vain,
The sad shelter bare woodlands might give

Thus as winter came forward apace,
He happened an Ant to behold,
Who with care had laid up in her place,
Stores for seasons so nipping and cold.

He ask'd her, "How she could endure
"The prospect now barren and bare?
When the Insects no food could procure,
"And the tempests disturb'd all the air?"

In summer how did you, I pray,"
Said the Ant, "the bright moments em-
"ploy?"

The Butterfly answer'd, "His way
"Was the *present* fair time to enjoy."

But I," cry'd the Ant, "did provide
"For the future; and now, as you see,
I fear not that want should betide:---
"Were you wise, you'd take pattern by me."

Thus she spoke, and with prudence withdrew
To her home and her plentiful stores;
While the winds swept away as they blew,
The poor Moth;---to be heard of no more!

*If idleness your Youth engage,
Then look for poverty in Age.*

VISION XVI



TRUSTING TO APPEARANCE

I STOOD (as I dream'd) on a plain,
 While the setting sun purpled the sky,
 The clouds look'd all louring with rain,
 And blue mists were seen to arise:

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Whilst a Traveller, lost on his way,
Full heavily often did grieve;
Complaining there was not a ray,
As he wandered his fears to relieve.
But thus as bewilder'd he stray'd,
In the horror and gloom of the night,
He suddenly spy'd through the shade
A glimmer of flattering light.
Onward he hastened, more clear
He fancied he saw it arise;
But when he at last would draw near,
Before him it presently flies!
Unwisely he stays not to trace [proceed;
From whence the bright flame might
It follows, still shifting his place,
Where the marshes insidious are spread!
His error, alas! then too plain
He finds, and laments to his cost!--
He calls out for succour in vain!--
Then sinks;---and for ever is lost!

'Twas a fire from the Moorlands that grew,
Which has many, unhappy, destroy'd;
Too like those temptations whose view
Charms,---to ruin you when they're en-
joy'd.

*Youth never can too oft be told,
That all which glitters is not gold.*

VISION

VISION XVII.



F L A T T E R Y.

I DREAM'D a sweet Damsel I view'd,
Like a Fairy so pretty and young;
And swift as her way she pursu'd,
To soft music she merrily sung:

F 3

The

The wood to the breeze bow'd apace,
As if they her coming would greet;
And the meadows in all their gay grace,
Seem'd to strew their fair flowers at her feet.

In her course to a fountain she came
Whose banks with rich violets did glow;
In the stream they look'd purple the same,
While new skies appear'd painted below!

And there a fair Creature she sees,
That seems from the bottom to rise;
Whose sweetness the fancy could please,
Whose beauty enchanted her eyes!

When she bow'd, it appear'd as inclin'd
Her smiles with due fondness to greet;
With looks still as beauteous and kind,
And with kisses her kisses to meet!

Impatient to clasp to her breast
The shape so engaging and fair,
All thoughtless, still forward she press'd,
For sweet fancy had banish'd her care!

But while downward thus thoughtless she bent,
And eagerly grasp'd at the shade,
Which seem'd bowing with mutual consent,
The green bank her footing betray'd!

Astonish'd, she plung'd in the wave!
Her joy and her safety were fled!
No friend, no assistant to save,
And the waters "clos'd over her head."

The Fairies that dance there at night
Who make in the green-wood their hall,
Lament that a Damsel so bright,
Was flatter'd so soon to her fall.

*By Flatterers baits are often laid;
Self-flatter'd, you are quite betray'd.*

VISION XVIII.



AMBITION.

AS I dream'd, by a rivelet's side
 Methought all the trees of the field
 Began a dispute in their pride,
 Each scorning precedence to yield:

Th

I. The Cedar, the Oak, and the Pine,
And the sweet smelling Shrubs of the dale,
All that strength and fair comeliness join,
Strove in envy, whose claim should prevail.

But at last in two companies plac'd,
As chiefs of each troop on the green,
With superior excellence grac'd,
The Laurel and Olive were seen.

The first, of her consequence proud,
Aloft rear'd with boasting her head,
As above the low views of the crowd,
And her leaves full of vanity spread;

That they crown'd mighty captains of yore,
She said, was the crown of her pride;
All which she repeated, and more;
While the Olive more modest reply'd:

d The claim of the Tree she confest,
The reward of high conquests to give;
“ But (she said) they were surely more blest,
“ Who in ease and full plenty could live:

“ And

- “ And the leaves of the Laurel were seen
“ Dread poisonous juice to distil;
“ So the glorious, renown’d ever-green,
“ Had the power to sicken and kill.
“ While the good that her fruit did impart,
“ Serv’d the joys of mankind to increase;
“ And the dowery she brought, without art,
“ Was the blessing of plenty and peace.”

The reason she had on her side
Well pleas’d all the trees of the field;
Who judg’d, that all strife set aside,
To the Olive the Laurel should yield.

*By Pride and Strife you’ll be undone;
And Peace excells a Battle won.*

VISION XIX.



T E M P T A T I O N.

I SAW in a clear crystal stream,
The swift fishes in frolicksome play,
And gliding (I thought in my dream)
While the sun-beams enlivened the day.

How

How nimble they shew'd in their sport !

How brisk in the swift watery race !

And when pleas'd to their wiles to resort,

How cunning, and skill'd in the chase !

And one of the largest I view'd,

That seem'd o'er the rest to bear sway ;

Petty monarch he look'd of the flood,

And of little ones frequent made prey.

Triumphant, and void of all care,

He appear'd through the waters to glide ;
Nor saw he above in the air,

The line which wav'd over the tide.

Yet a Worm he full clearly perceiv'd,

Nor imagin'd it was but a bait ;

He grasp'd at a prize he believ'd,

And thus eagerly rush'd on his fate !

His ruin whilst others enjoy'd,

They beheld not the Angler's brisk arm ;
Which like arts to ensnare them employ'd,
And succeeded too well to their harm !

While

While the sun was obscur'd by a cloud,
Which a shade o'er the water had cast,
They made haste to the hook in a croud,
With a spring that at once prov'd their last.
saw, and I pittied their kind,
Thus thoughtless rushing on fate;
So like to those youths that we find
Repenting their follies too late!

*Betimes avoid temptations snare,
For growing ills work woe and care.*

G V I S I O N

VISION XX.



CARELESSNESS.

I VIEW'D, in my sleep, as I lay
 Reclin'd by the sea beaten shore,
 A number of birds pass'd away
 Who would visit the flood, and no more
 The

There one laid her eggs, as I found,
To have them all hatch'd by the sun!
But when she return'd to the ground,
How many were broken and gone!

I saw, and most grievously blam'd,
The Bird that so careless could prove!
As if from her pride she disclaim'd,
What most she from duty should love!

But one who had heard me complain,
And spoke in the language of truth,
Bade me think if a conduct as vain,
Did not mark the bad conduct of youth.

“ When their time and what else should be
“ dear,
“ From childhood they squander away;
“ If the error is carelessness here,
“ With them what else is it I pray?

Methought 'twas a Fairy that spoke;
And reason confirmed what she said:---
The dream fled;---my slumber was broke,
But the moral remain'd in my head.

*When time you waste,---with careless hand
You leave your treasure in the sand.*

VISION

VISION XXI.



FALSE OPINION.

AS the shadows drew over my eyes
And shut out the glare of the day,
My dreams made such prospects arise,
As pictures bright colours display.

I beheld a bright Damsel advance,
With a wand and a glass in her hand;
And behind her with song and with dance,
Came tripping a numerous band.

Yet I saw not what gave them such joy,
Since o'er barren wastes still they pass'd;
Nor guess'd what their hopes could employ
To crown their long journey at last.

But as I drew nearer, the train
All various in humours I found;
Some leap'd as the skies they would gain,
Some look'd downward and bent to the
ground.

Some glitter'd with silver or gold,
While some of their rags seem'd as proud;
Some press'd forward all noisy and bold,
Whilst others were lost in the croud.

But each had some favourite toy,
Some rattle or gew-gaw admir'd;
Which furnish'd fresh pleasure and joy,
' Nor yet of their haste were they tir'd.

Be-

Because if they droop'd on their way,
She that led them her glass would present;
In a moment again they grew gay,
And all wore the smiles of content.

For before it rich figures did pass,
In order most comely and gay;
But, alas! at the turn of the glass,
They melted and vanish'd away!

As the clouds in the fair summer skies,
While the gazer admiring looks on;
If the sun his assistance denies,
Their colours are faded and gone!

Thus to toils and to danger expos'd,
Their mistake when too late they sur-
vey'd;
Their journey unhappy they clos'd,
And their sun-shine was turn'd into shade!

Only

Only some by a matron were stay'd,
Call'd *Reflexion*: this lesson she taught:
By opinion too hasty we are sway'd;---
But by reason we judge as we ought.

*Where'er the rash direct their will,
Opinion varnishes the ill.*

VISION XXII.



THE FAIRIES JUDGEMENT.

ONE evening I scarce clos'd my eyes,
And shut out the slow parting light;
When I saw a fair vision arise,
Whose beauty delighted my sight.

As

As I wander'd (methought) on the green,
 Two young maidens disputing I saw;
 So comely was each in her mien,
 As well my attention might draw.

The one had good humour and grace,
 With speech that could charm every heart;
 Though beauty shew'd not in her face,
 The gift of dame nature or art.

The other full haughty appear'd,
 Her beauty shone bright like the day;
 But as her own praises she heard,
 From the best she turn'd proudly away.

While these were disputing the prize,
 The prospect rose fair and serene;
 Though the glare of the day-light was gone,
 The moon-beam play'd soft and serene.

To the sound of sweet music arose
 The court of the Fairies so bright;
 And the maidens were bid to disclose
 Their dispute and pretensions of right.

On

Job Kennedy's Book Manuscripted Memoirs
 1846

On beauty one rested her claim;
Which she boasted was made to command,
Since mortals all bow'd at her name,
Whom Pleasure still led by the hand.---

But to plainness and modesty's rule
The other alone made pretence;
As those bred in Wisdom's fair school,
Will never by pride give offence.

By the touch-stone of Truth then display'd,
Which none to deceive has the skill,
The worth now of each was essay'd,
For such was the sov'reigns high will.

Then faded her graces who so late,
The charms of her beauty could boast;
Those charms all were clouded by fate,
And all her pretensions were lost!

But with fresh blooming glory and youth,
The other fair Damsel was crown'd:---
Thus Virtue was brighten'd by Truth,
And Modesty justly renown'd.

In

In splendour she still shall remain,
Whilst age after age rolls away;
Still new vigour eternally gain,
And grow brighter as time shall decay.

*Be outward shew by Fools pursu'd:---
Make it your study to be good.*

CON

CONCLUSION.

OUR Visions ended, Reader, now we
trust,

You've read them over with attention
just;

As in each Dream a Moral is design'd,
Fit to be treasured in the Youthful mind.

Full many Faults that lead to many a Snare,
In early days you may avoid by care;

For ev'n in childhood first those plans are laid
In riper years more full to be display'd.

The prattling *Boy*, when at his mother's knee,
Oft' gives us signs of what the *Man* will be;

And *Nancy* "sporting with her doll," we
find,

Shews all the tokens of the changeful mind:
Those tempers which will govern you at
length,

"Grow with your growth, and strengthen
with your strength;"

H

Ev'n

Ev'n from the time when first you draw your
breath,

Hold on through age, nor leave you till
your death.

To learn betimes your passions to command,
Obey superiors---tempting faults withstand;
To practise prudence in your opening youth,
And walk still stedfast in the ways of truth;
This was our aim; in pleasing mode exprest,
The moral plain, in easy fable drest;
Grateful the task, nor shall we grudge the
pain,

If happily *our* labour proves *your* gain.

So may we by the path with roses strew'd,
Smiling conduct you in fair Virtue's road.---
Large volumes teach those of maturer state,
The careful duties of the learned and great:
And *Little Books* to *Little Folks* display
The means, in time, to be as great as they.

F I N I S.



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